

Semi-Weekly Bourbon News.

Independent and Democratic—Published from the Happy Side of Life—for the Benefit of Those Now Having Breath in Their Bodies. Price, \$2.00 for One Year, or, \$2,000 for 1,000 Years—CASH!

VOL. II.

PARIS, BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY: FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1883.

NO. 184.

FIVE million bushels of coal are coming down the river from Pittsburg.

THE Methodist revival closed at Maysville, Monday night, with 43 additions.

SEVERAL parties lost their meat by killing their hogs just before the warm spell.

A VACANT store-room of Billy Ratcliff's, in Sharpburg, was consumed by fire Tuesday night.

MISS MARY FISBACK, of Winchester, was thrown from her horse Monday and had both arms broken.

Charley Wood has removed from Shannon to Bourbon county to grow the white burley. —[Maysville Bulletin.]

THE time for holding Sunday evening services at the Christian church has been changed from 7 to 6:30 o'clock.

ALL of that prophecy about it snowing on Thanksgiving day, proved to be nothing more than a mere camp rumor.

SHERIFF RINGO, who was shot whilst leading a mob against the Mt. Sterling jail, has been cleared by a jury of his peers.

HUNDREDS of thanksgivings with dogs and guns, could be seen striking out in all directions through the country yesterday.

THE bridge across Houston near Jas. Hall's residence is in a bad condition and will be repaired. It will have a roof over it.

THE Richmond folks digested their Thanksgiving dinner by going to hear Miss Bessie Oton at the Opera House, in the evening.

SIMPSON'S HALL has been sold to a local joint stock company for \$20,000, and will be opened to the public as the Winchester opera house.

THE slaughtering houses here of Gill, Gilman, and Ranson, are daily slaughtering 500 turkeys each and shipping to New York and Boston.

THE proposed reunion of the survivors of the battle of Mifflinsboro has been indefinitely postponed. It is likely it will be held some time next year.

Ed. Eals stole his brother Orville's wife in Robertson county, and departed for parts unknown, last week. The scoundrel left a wife and three children.

THE will of Mrs. C. V. Higgins, Sr., which has been under control of probate here for three days, was on yesterday probated, and Col. Swope qualified as executor.

THE Lexington Advertiser is deeply in love with "Falcon," of the News Journal, and reproduces his articles, all because "Falcon" complimented that paper recently.

THE debris at Hutchcraft's warehouse, which burned five weeks since, has nearly all been removed and the sidewalk is once more clear. Mr. H. will likely rebuild this winter.

Gov. KNOTT has pardoned the boy Owsley thirteen years of age, sent from Grayson county for grand larceny, and whose case was reversed Saturday by the Court of Appeals.

"No rest for the wicked," was verified in the fact that the News force worked yesterday—but it balanced the account by coming out with its usual amount of religious reading this morning.

SULPHUR burned in a cellar destroys the germ of fever and miasmatic poisons which taint milk and butter and produces chills, scarlet fever, diphtheria and other ills of which flesh is heir.

THE will of Joseph Throop, of Flemingsburg, has been probated. He left his large estate to the Midway Orphan School. Mr. Throop was a prominent politician, and died suddenly last Saturday.

W. M. WILSON's residence, near Aaron's Run, in Montgomery county, was destroyed by fire Tuesday night. Loss, \$2,000. Wearing apparel, bedding, etc., were all lost. Insured in Hoffman's agency for \$1,000.

MRS. MAURICE POWERS, of Frankfort, has sued the L. & N. road for \$10,000 for putting her off the cars whilst coming from the Louisville exposition, because she had failed to sign her excursion ticket at the ticket office.

OSCAR GILMAN, the Bourbon turkey prince and Thos. Phillips, the bovine and porcine prince, were the recipients of a large share of our thanks on yesterday, for kind remembrances that redeemed our sideboard from a death-like desolation.

OUR John Smith is fast developing as a divorce lawyer. He attained his fourth success in that line yesterday, in splitting asunder the bonds of William and Dora Leeds, of this county, the suit having been brought in the Harrison Chancery Court.

LAST Sunday afternoon W. W. Gill's horse ran off with his delivery wagon and collided with Claud Smith's rockaway as Mr. S. and family were returning to their home near Newtown. The rockaway was so badly demolished that Mr. Smith had to remain in town over night.

LIGE DAWSON, colored, got his skull laid bare with a brick thrown by another darky in Lexington. This fashion of black men playing so roughly will result seriously some day—somebody will go home with a headache and will have to wear a cabbage leaf some of these days.

A NORTHERN drummer, having occasion to visit Harrodsburg last week, and hearing what a place it was for shooting people, had the stage driver to let him out at the edge of town. He procured a stick and tied his white handkerchief to it, and went in under a flag of truce.—[Exchange.]

A TELEGRAM from Mt. Vernon to the Courier-Journal says: W. H. Polk, brother of J. K. Polk, who killed Matt. Owens last Wednesday, is in town to assure the authorities that his brother will be on hand to stand his trial. His only object in going away was to avoid a difficulty with a crowd of men whom he heard were coming to do him violence, and not to evade the law, as has been reported.

WM. RANKIN, of this city, was found in his room at the Bourbon House Wednesday night lying on the floor in an unconscious state, where he had been lying it is supposed since Tuesday night, and was still unconscious last evening. He is subject to epilepsy.

A LETTER from A. H. Shirley, proprietor of the Garnett House, Richmond, was received at this office yesterday morning, addressed to Messrs. Craddock, McChesney and Champ, inviting them to partake of a Thanksgiving dinner Thursday. Col. O'Neal, formerly of this city, is Steward of that house, and we doubt not that he did the delectable extreme on that occasion.

LEW VANDEN, proprietor of the Crawford House, Cincinnati, issued a handsome bill of fare for Thanksgiving dinner, which reads: Raw oysters, turtle soup, lake trout boiled, thanksgiving roast beef, turkey and cranberry sauce, loin of veal, blue wing duck, broiled squirrel, quail on toast, escalloped oysters, turkey wings with cream sauce, sweetbreads with mushrooms, lettuce, olives, celery, &c., and all the vegetables, pastries, &c., necessary to make the dinner one of the finest spreads in the city.

Yes, We Gave Thanks.

OUR bill of fare yesterday: Possum stuffed with onions, rabbit on the half-shell, cold back-bones, bologna sausage, hog kidneys, breaded in saw dust, fried cabbage, stewed sweet-kidney, four-line-plea dried apple pie, melted lard roller with benzine gravy, and "hell-box" pudding, heavily seasoned with mistakes—served on printers' towels dipped in ink. We are sorry that our friend Zolers, of the Mt. Olivet Tribune, didn't accept our invitation to dine with us.

The Bourbon Tobacco Prince Dowied.

JOSEPH MILLER, of Cane Ridge, showed in our office yesterday five pounds of bright cutting tobacco which forced a confession from Mr. Glover, the Bourbon Tobacco Prince, that it beat his brag crop. Mr. Miller will contend for the \$20 prize to be awarded to-morrow by the Scott County Tobacco Fair Association at Georgetown, W. V. Verily examined the sample, and pronounced it as being worth forty cents per pound. Mr. Glover very cheerfully yielded the horns, but still stuck to the assertion that he had some very fine tobacco.

A Fatal Small-pox Extant.

THE State Board of Health has issued a circular and mailed it to the press of the State urging a complete and thorough vaccination as the only means of preventive against a very malignant type of small-pox now in various portions of this and adjoining States. The board also recommends that the coming Legislature should pass an act compulsory of vaccination. We hope that all intelligent people will not wait for a law to compel them to do their duty, but that they will do it freely and use their influence in persuading the ignorant to do their duty. Vaccination is a cheap and effective safeguard.

Palace Saloon Opening.

THE opening of the "Palace Saloon," by the Schwartz Bros., will take place to-morrow. Their new building on Main street, (formerly Ellis's Marble Works), has been handsomely refitted in all the modern style of a city building with a massive beer cellar which is ample to supply the wholesale trade of not only this city, but all of the towns in the county. One of the rooms fitted out with the most elegant cherry furniture that could be manufactured for saloon purposes—the mirrors of which are as large as barn doors and are an inch in thickness. The beer reservoir for the retail kegs are in accordance therewith, and the drapery, bottles and all glassware are of the very finest make that could be had. Their billiard hall in an adjoining room, is supplied with one billiard and three pool tables of very elegant patterns, and are perfect beauties to behold.

In short, this new enterprise of the Schwartz Bros. downs anything in central Kentucky, and is equal to anything of the kind in Louisville or Cincinnati in beauty and elegance.

We do not approve of men drinking or playing billiards at all, but if they enjoy those foolish luxuries, we advise them to call into the new gilded palace and elevate their conduct and govern their morals in accordance with the parlor chair surroundings of this truly pretty place.

The Duley-Stitt Nuptials.

On Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, in the parlor of the Bourbon House, Miss Adah, daughter of Dr. A. G. Stitt, of Millersburg, wedded Mr. John D. Duley, a former citizen of Fleming county, but now a clerk in the bank of Pearce, Wallingford & Co., Maysville. The Misses Jimmie Stitt, sister of the bride, Willie Conyers, of Covington Ga., and Jennie Buchanan, of Crab Orchard, were the maids of honor of the occasion. There were no gentlemen attendants—save that the Rev. G. C. Kelley, of Covington, the bride's brother-in-law, acted as escort of the groom. As Pros. Gutzeit and Schwartz recently discoursed the wedding march, little Miss Lucy and Master Alf. Turney marched into the parlor, followed by the Misses Conyers and Buchanan; then followed the groom locked arms with the Rev. G. C. Kelley, officiating minister, after whom the bride—a fairy-like blonde was escorted by her sister Jimmie, a bewitching little brunette. Meeting the groom face to face, they took their position under a pendant parol of evergreens lined with blooming flowers being administered, the groom nodded an assent with an up-lifted hand—a new and very beautiful innovation from the old custom.

After the ceremony and congratulations, the very select party of about fifty or sixty persons assembled, repaired to a suite of adjoining rooms where a lunch that would have reflected credit on princes was spread, and partaken of by all present.

The floral decorations of the parlor and suite of rooms was perfectly exquisite.

After lunch, the bridal party, accompanied by a very complimentary host of friends, departed in a special chair coach for Maysville.

SCINTILLATIONS.

—Silk boucées are vandyked, scoloped, and sometimes pinked.

—Haverly's Minstrels will play in Lexington next Tuesday evening.

—Pale gray gloves of indressed kid are now in style for evening wear.

—Charlie Minger is in from Kansas, visiting his old home at Carlisle.

—An ancient and well garlanded cheese generally has millions for defense.

—Senator Beck has rented a residence on Massachusetts Avenue, Washington.

—Colored flannel skirts edged with woolen lace are preferred to white ones or balmoreals.

—Nothing so better together, says a Baltimore epicure, than fried oysters and celery salad.

—Judge Peters, who has been at the point of death, in Mt. Sterling, is now reported much better.

—Robt. Saddler has been paralyzed at his home near the Blue Licks, and is at the point of death.

—Gentlemen, what will you give us to say that senkhu saques are going to be out of style this winter?

—Mush and milk soups are now fashionable in the cities. Next thing will be a pork and beans soufflé.

—Mayor Purnell arrived home yesterday and informs us that the jury hung fire in the Webb Ross will case.

—Mr. Patten, of Millersburg, has rented a cottage from Ossian Edwards, and will henceforth be one of our citizens.

—There is a dog in this state that crows like a rooster. We should kill him. It is bad enough to have him bark like a dog.

—"Crazy quilts" made such a demand for silk scraps that most of the store-keepers in Cincinnati, decline now to give samples.

—Speaking of visiting, did it ever occur to you that the telephone girl answers more "calls" in one day than other ladies do in a month?

—Fletcher Mann, of Carlisle, will move here Jan. 1st, and will succeed Tom McGinley as a driver of one of Judge Mann's busses.

—Silver clover leaves covered with tiny diamond chippings, made to resemble drops of dew, are among the new designs in fancy jewelry.

—Rev. Wm. Mitchell, a prominent Boston preacher, has been arrested for stealing books. He offered \$1,000 to have the matter suppressed.

—There's a lady in this city who has "sand in her craw" for sure. She is eating small doses of a fine white sand from Georgia, for indigestion.

—Out in Council Bluffs recently twenty-seven young girls went to the theatre in a body without escorts. The boys had become careless in the matter of tickets.

—It will be the proper thing at Christmas time to remember the fair ones with Saratoga trunks in miniature filled with candy. This is a new Parisian idea.

—A bride in Serbia has to hold a piece of sugar in her mouth during the ceremony. It is a sign that she will speak little and sweetly after her married life.

—Mrs. Langtry is playing "School for Scandal" in Louisville this week. We thought she had been playing that all the time, although under a different name.

—Oscar Gilman presented sixty of his "pickers" with a Thanksgiving turkey each, yesterday. This was the most commendable act which has come within our observation, for, for these many days!

—A passenger recently tendered a railway conductor a trade dollar for fare. The conductor examined it and remarked: "I don't want that piece of money." "Well, give it to the company, then," replied the passenger.

—A handsome young man, with a bullet in his brain and a pistol by his side, was found by the railroad track near East St. Louis. Near by lay a note which read "Any man who may happen to find it will confer a great favor on this corpse by just digging a hole and cover it up."

—A marriage in colored high life will take place at St. Paul's church in this city on Wednesday evening next. The bride elect is Miss Tenia Jones, who will wed a young man from Indianapolis. After the ceremony they will banquet at the residence of A. N. Smoot, on Walker's avenue.

—For seven long and toilsome years I have nightly surveyed a sea of bald heads in front, but never in my leg-show experience have I witnessed anything to equal in brilliancy of polish those which congregate behind the orchestra in the Tabor Opera House of Leadville. They look like an array of freshly-tunged billiard balls.—[Gus Bruno.]

—Lily Langtry is filling an engagement in Louisville, this week. During her tour through the country Mrs. Langtry uses her car as a hotel and does not go to any of the public caravansaries. The coach is most elegantly fitted up for her special use with every convenience and luxury. She uses it as parlor, dining-room, chamber, etc. There is a kitchen attachment with a full complement of servants. The balance of her troupe is stopping at the Gault House. Freddie has not yet shown himself in the city.

—Woodford county boards her paupers out, at a cost of \$1,500 per annum.

In reference to the registration of the Buckner Jerseys, Mr. W. S. Taylor, of Burlington, New Jersey, representative of the American Jersey Cattle Club, in company with his lawyer, Mr. Nevin, of Dayton, O., a special session was held at the Bourbon House, this city, Tuesday, for the purpose of investigating the claims for the registration of the above stock. The entry of this stock hinged upon whether Mr. S. H. Clay owned the bull, McClelland the 9th, in the year 1871. Messrs. A. McClintock, G. W. White, Dr. Keller and others appeared as witnesses, affirming the right of registration, and Messrs. W. W. Massey, Charlton Alexander and others appeared as witnesses on the negative side of the question. Mr. W. S. Taylor will report the case in full to the Jersey Club, and the decision will be anxiously awaited by the Jersey men of this county. The affirmative side of the question feel confident of a favorable report.

The Trader, Turfman, Farmer and Sportsman.

The deer are dying in the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee with black tongue.

W. T. Bailey, of Buffalo, N. Y., has been elected editor of the American Short-Horn Record, in the place of Lewis Muir, who will return to this city in a few days.

The recent heavy rains have resulted in great damage to the farmers of Shelby county, Ind., much of the corn being still in the field, the floods of last week destroying an immense quantity.

Fifteen hundred cattle were on the market at Winchester Monday, and most all sold at figures ranging from \$30 to \$60. The demand for feeders in Clark was greater than for five years, and it is calculated that 15,000 will be wintered in that county.

A capital shot was made a few days ago by Mr. W. P. Dunbar, of Adair County, Kentucky. He came upon a flock of nine ducks swimming in Green River. He fired one shot into the flock, killing eight, and as the ninth one flew up he fired the second shot, killing it.

The Dwyers will begin the racing season of 1884 with a string of double the numerical strength of the season just closed. They have now thirty race horses in training, half of which are yearlings, the pick from the famous homes of fast horses which stretch from the suburbs of Louisville to beyond Harding's farm in Tennessee.

The following is a summary of the great Chicago cattle sales: The Hamiltons sold 50 animals for \$11,875, averaging \$237.50; T. C. Anderson and C. M. Clark, 50 for \$10,280, averaging \$205.60; T. C. Anderson, 51 for \$9,775, averaging \$191.74; W. R. King, 52 for \$9,325, averaging \$180.25; Josh Barton, 74 for \$13,955, averaging \$188.31; F. J. Barbee, 67 for \$11,245, averaging \$166.32; Raub & Earl, 42 for \$7,055, averaging \$167.97; T. E. Miller sold 14 Herefords, which averaged \$487.50; T. W. Harvey sold 13 Holsteins that averaged \$231.92. At Harkness' Bazaar, Philadelphia, 100 Jerseys were sold at an average of \$337.

The night-breaking at the Christian church last night well attended and netted \$106.70. The exercises were too protracted to be enjoyable.

A gentleman of this city who is renowned for his charities, was so pleased with the Rev. Mr. McMillan's sermon yesterday, that he gave him a check for \$25.

MATRIMONIAL.

Miss Mollie Piercy, formerly of Carlisle, married Mr. Daman, of Carthage, Mo., last week.

DEATHS.

Miss Ida May Rice, daughter of R. M. Rice, of North Middletown, died last Saturday, at the age of 21 years.

The boss conundrum of the season, was propounded in the *Kentuckian*, of Wednesday. It was "What is like a kershaw, or a good substitute for it, only smaller and more delicate?" The answer was "added" by a little boy: "A sweet potato." The convulsions of laughter which this conundrum produced, shook the city like a small earthquake.

EVERYBODY'S COLUMN.

CALL on A. Berry for your coal. nov-28

Congress meets on Monday next.

C. F. DIDLAKE & Co. are headquarters for Holmes & Condit's Famous English Biscuits.

Gen. Hancock still nurses his lame leg in bed.

Try the Marie Mine Coal, A. BERRY. nov-28

Julia A. Hunt is now playing in Tennessee.

ALDEN Evaporated Fruits, very fine, domestic dried fruits, best and cheapest, at SPEARS, CHAMBERS & Co.

Bill Nye got \$800 for his first book and \$1,000 for the second.

THE celebrated spices, imported by H. F. A. Pluckney, of New York, can always be found with SPEARS, CHAMBERS & Co.

Young mothers in Chicago send out dainty ivory cards upon the arrival of their first sons and heirs.

THANKSGIVING DELICACIES.—Figs, dates, Malaga grapes, bananas, celery, Italian plums, Florida oranges, apples, coconuts, turkeys, cranberries, prunes, raisins, oysters, mince-meat, etc., for sale by SPEARS, CHAMBERS & Co. C. F. DIDLAKE & Co.

A highly educated Maine girl has just finished shingling her father's office. We'll bet she wore silk stockings.

E. B. MALLORY & Co. are unvalued as oyster packers. They pack none but fresh and sound goods. Their cans are full, the oysters large, and are guaranteed all O. K. when they leave the houses of SPEARS, CHAMBERS & Co. C. F. DIDLAKE & Co.

Marie Prescott has a new play which she calls "Czekka." Every body who sees it thinks it has been appropriately named.

THE justly celebrated "Gold Medal Flour" is still the leader. Every barrel warranted first-class or no sale. Small packages neatly put up for special use. Make your Christmas cakes of it. Make your biscuits and rolls with it. Every housekeeper ought to try it. SPEARS, CHAMBERS & Co. C. F. DIDLAKE & Co.

OUR CLUBBING RATES

THE BOURBON News clubs with the Detroit Free Press for \$3; with the Texas Sittings for \$3.50; and with the Weekly Courier-Journal for \$3. The News in addition gives a premium book worth a dollar, and the paper free from now until January 1st, 1884. Terms, invariably cash in advance.

Jno. T. HINTON

UNDERTAKER

Furniture Dealer.

A full line of furniture, carpets, blinds, window hangings, etc., constantly on hand, and will be sold to compete with Cincinnati prices.

JOHNSON HOUSE, MILLERSBURG, KY.

One square from the depot. Good Livery Stable Attached. The kindest attention given and guests made comfortable.

Good Sample Rooms. A table filled with all the delicacies of the season. RATES REASONABLE.

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CITIZEN'S BANK, - - PARIS, KY.

Represents FIVE FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES.

CASH ASSETS OVER \$20,000,000.00.

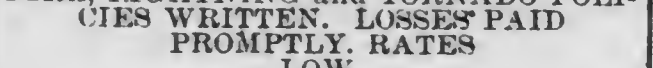
FIRE, LIGHTNING and TORNADO POLICIES WRITTEN. LOSSES PAID PROMPTLY. RATES LOW.

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PRACTITIONER OF

MEDICINE & SURGERY,

May be found during the day, when not professionally engaged, at Brooks & Lyman's Drug Store, at night, at the residence of Prof. E. Amende, on High st.



PARIS 'BUS LINE,

L. F. MANX, Prop. P. CAMPBELL, Supt.

All trains connected with and calls made anywhere in the city. Orders left at hotels or stable, Fare, 25 cts. including ordinary baggage.

CHRIS. GROSCH, BAKER & CONFECTIONER.

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SION STABLE,

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Will break colts to best advantage.

Horses bought and sold on a small margin, also boarded on as good terms as any other stables in Paris.

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KIMBROUGH HOUSE,

CARLISLE, KY.

KIMBROUGH & HUFF, Prop's.

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LEXINGTON, KY.

H. E. BOSWELL & SON, Prop'rs.

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DAUM & ARGO,

Fashionable Barbers;

Opp. Old Fellows Hall, PARIS, KY.

Are always ready to wait on the public in anything pertaining to the barber's line, at the lowest prices. Call made at private residences when necessary to wait on the ladies, the sick, &c.

THE NEWS.

BRUCE CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS, : : : KENTUCKY.

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR.

O girl next door, dear girl, next door,
Answer my questions now,
Do you care not a snap for us,
We long to know about you.

Are you sweet sixteen, O girl next door?
Are you tender-hearted and true?
Do you ever write poems on love and spring?
Do you wear a No. 5 shoe?

Are your tresses golden or black or brown?
Are you sly or spry or human?
Do you speak in a soft, low, cooling voice?
(An excellent thing in woman.)

Are you strong-minded? and do you hold
"Advanced ideas" and "views"?
On duration and science? or do you delight
Only in gossip and news?

Are you learned and grave? or silly and gay?
Are your cheeks of a rose leaf red?
Are you versed in science and classic lore?
In languages living and dead?

Your eyes, are they blue or black or brown?
Do you love the genus homo?
Are you artistic, and can you tell
A painting from a chromo?

And what is your name, O girl next door?
Is it Susan or Kate or Jenny?
Or Mary Ann? and tell me, pray,
Have you suitors few or many?

Are you intellectual, brave and sweet?
Are you afraid of mice?
Do you believe in woman's rights?
Are you very, very nice?

Were you ever in love, O mystic girl,
With a "perfectly lovely" man?
Or do you just delight to flirt
With any one you can?

Do you like a tall, or a short young man?
Must his eyes be brown or blue?
Do you like to be out on a rainy day,
With one umbrella for two?

Are you very proper and wise and good?
Do you indulge in slang?
Do you ever whistle or swing your arms?
Or wear your hair in a bang?

O girl next door, I've found out naught,
The long I now have tarried,
But tell me truly, are you engaged?
And when are you going to be married?

—Detroit Free Press.

CALE CARDONNE'S COURTSHIP.

I.

THE LITTLE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.
Northbrook came under the auctioneer's hammer by foreclosure of mortgage. It was a valuable country seat and did not bring half what it was worth.

The purchaser was Cale Cardonne, an intelligent, wealthy, self-opinionated man, sometimes called by his friends "The German Baron," not because he was of German descent, but probably because of his ruddy face, fine physique, and brusque, positive manners, the latter verging upon rudeness when his passion was aroused.

The neighbors speculated considerably about his advent at Northbrook, and prophecies were made which were not particularly complimentary. He would introduce new-fangled notions; he would engage in foolish experiments; he would be an easy victim to the fallacies of theoretic farming, and the like.

Well, he came and settled among them, and nothing of the kind occurred. He left farming operations to an experienced hand, devoted his leisure moments to books, enjoyed the fresh country air, and attended so much to his own business and not to that of other people that he was voted too exclusive.

There was a railroad station at Northbrook, and one day he ran hastily up the steps of the tower to send a message by telegraph. He had leaped from the train without thinking of the valise which he had placed on the seat beside him. Its contents were valuable, and he was anxious to receive it by the returning train.

The operator was a quiet, demure-looking girl, very compact, and plainly clad; her face creamy white, neither approaching to pallor nor indicating ill-health.

He stated his errand. Could she get a dispatch to Croyleland before the train got there?

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "How can you identify the valise?"

Her voice sounded as clear as a bell, and her white shapely hand was toyed with the button of the telegraph instrument.

"My name is on it," he said.

"And your name—is?"

"Cale Cardonne."

She had heard of him, but had never met him. She surveyed him in a speculative way, yet with no suggestion of boldness. Her eyes were soft gray eyes, with fabulous depths, and just then tinged with wistful interest.

A few ticking sounds followed, and then she announced that the message had been sent and acknowledged. He flung down a coin in compensation, and then picked up a book which she evidently had been reading.

"Sartor Resartus, by Thomas Carlyle!" he exclaimed, reading the title, an intonation of surprise in his voice.

"You are—are—plodding through this?" he asked, stammering in his choice of words.

"Yes," she answered.

"And—enjoy it?" was his next question, a little grimly put.

A faint pink flush came into her cheeks.

"At least I do not consider the reading of it an infliction," she rejoined, a scarcely perceptible smile about her lips.

Her reply pleased him. He was standing almost directly over her, for she was seated. He noticed the finely poised head, the compact brow, the delicate ears, the chestnut-colored hair, with lurking shadows of bronze in it, and not a strand out of place.

Her figure was lithe and graceful and her hair modest and self-composed. His proximity did not disturb her; the consciousness of his worth did not cause her to depreciate herself.

She opened a small drawer, threw into it the coin which he had placed on the table and handed him the proper change.

"Keep it," he said, with a toss of his head.

"I can not," she replied; "I am not entitled to it."

"I am at liberty to give it to you."

"But I am not at liberty to receive it," she answered, "or rather I do not wish to."

He bowed, then descended the winding stairway.

"Janet!" he repeated to himself. "A staid name, and it suits her. Somehow I feel strangely interested in the little—thrush."

II.

REJECTED.
The two met frequently after that. Janet lived in a neat little cottage not far from the station. Her mother was dead and she supported an invalid father with her earnings.

Cale Cardonne visited her at the cottage, sent her books and flowers, and sometimes walked with her in the woods which stretched between Northbrook and the cottage.

Having seen so much of the world, being rich, handsome and a pleasing talker, it was no wonder she became fond of his society. He, in turn, was very much fascinated by her, and sometimes wondered why. He had mingled a great deal in society and had met with many beautiful and accomplished ladies, while she was but a quiet, demure, ordinary-looking country girl. However, he was not the only man who had tried to find his way out of such a quandary.

He proposed to her one evening. They were standing beside the cottage gate. The stars were shining softly overhead; the young moon was just visible above the low-lying hills; a subtle, resinous odor was wafted from the woods; the frogs croaked in the meadows; an owl called to his mate from a perch under the eaves of the mill.

Why was Janet so long in replying to Cale Cardonne's passionate appeal? He saw the color come and go in her face. He saw her lips tighten.

"I am so sorry!" she said at last, with a gasp, her frame trembling.

"Sorry!" repeated he, feeling a little dazed. "Because I have proposed to you?"

"Because I am constrained to decline your offer," she said.

It required bravery to speak those words, dictated by duty, when love and desire wanted so much to rebel.

"Oh!" ejaculated Cale Cardonne, reddening and biting his under lip.

His hand was a brawny one, and she saw how tightly it closed on the upper rail of the gate.

"If I knew the reason?" he asked.

"You will not insist," she said, appealingly, catching her breath.

"Evidently it exists in myself," he rejoined.

"No, Mr. Cardonne."

She spoke with rapidity, and with a quick fling of her hand.

"Perhaps time, Janet—"

"No," she continued. "It will always exist."

He had used the word exist, and she seemed to think it just the one to serve her.

"Janet, you are the first woman to whom I ever proposed," he huskily said.

"That is true, though I have almost reached middle age."

"I believe you, sir," she answered, humbly, regretfully. "I appreciate the honor you have paid me. I am sorry."

He did not want her pity. He felt like seizing her and flinging her down the embankment; but, by a great effort, he curbed his temper.

"I am too polite to insist upon knowing your reason," he said. "You might say I have not the right to demand it, and I don't know but that would be the truth. I am grievously disappointed, and it is such a novel, and such a—"

unwelcomed experience to me, that I do not know where to look for redress—or for comfort, rather. You wish me to understand that a chasm yawns between us—"

"Which can never be bridged," completed she, her tone firm, though she trembled, as he could see in the starlight.

He lifted his hand to his ear, as if to relieve a choking sensation there.

"I can do nothing but submit," he slowly, ruefully said.

He strode angrily down the path, but stopped, turned and called out:

"Good-night, Janet."

The resigned, pitiful tone made her heart ache as it had never ached before.

"Good-night, Mr. Cardonne," she flung back, startled at the sound of her voice, it was so unlike her own.

She stood alone a few minutes in her agony, her fingers twisted into a knot; an ashen pallor in her face.

III.

"YET I LOVE YOU, SIR!"
A week later Janet Thorne met Cale Cardonne at the gate at Northbrook. She had stopped to deliver a dispatch. He took it, but eyed her askance, his face rigid. He noticed that she looked worried and that her hand shook.

"Thank you," he crisply said, turning to go.

"Mr. Cardonne!"

Her tone was quick, incisive, tinged with desperation.

He wheeled around. She stood stone still for a moment, white and speechless. She was having a fierce fight with herself.

"You dispise me," she said huskily.

"Why, no, child!"

He spoke the epithet in tenderness, not because she looked so childlike nor because he was a dozen years her senior.

"I am very miserable over it, but can not blame you," he said, "unless it may be because you have no business to be so charming," and a queer smile came to his lips.

"There is something I must tell you," she said slowly, looking past him into vacancy. "In justice to myself, sir, and I hope you will not think me bold, I reject you, and yet I love you, sir. How deeply, God alone knows!"

The sweet gray eyes were looking directly at him then, a warm glow in them. His heart gave a bound.

"Janet, have you reconsidered?" She shook her head.

"Then you have simply increased the pain—the consciousness of the great boon I have lost. Do you delight in that?"

His tone rose in volume, and a fiery sparkle came into his handsome black eyes.

She recoiled, one hand pressed against her heart.

"I wanted you to know, sir, that I, too, am suffering," she said, in a hushed, measured tone. "It has given me more pain to make the confession than it did you to hear it."

She walked rapidly away, and he stared after her, slightly stupefied.

"It is her candor that is her peculiar charm," was his mental comment.

IV.

AN OUTBURST OF TEMPER.
Cale Cardonne had but one congenial friend, a certain Dr. Weatherby, a man a little erudite, but a jovial, good-hearted fellow withal, a most excellent physician, and well read, not only in the classics, but in the polite literature of the day. Every idle evening either found Cale Cardonne in the cozy office of the doctor or the latter in the library at Northbrook.

"Cardonne, you ought to get married," the doctor said, one evening.

They were seated in the library, little more than the top of the doctor's bald head visible in the smoke with which he had enveloped himself.

"Why so, Weatherby?"

They had a familiar way of calling each other by their last names.

"You might look elsewhere and fare worse," remarked the doctor.

"You have some one to recommend?" Cale Cardonne said, interrogatively.

"Aye, I have," replied the doctor, "one who is worthy in every respect of any honest man's love. I mean Janet Thorne."

Just then something happened which rather disturbed the doctor's complacency. A pair of brawny arms seized him, lifted him from his chair, then replaced him in it with considerable violence.

The doctor was a small man, but tough as a tennis-ball, with very little temper, or else but a sluggish one. He shook himself, adjusted his shirt collar, picked up his pipe, and recrossed his legs.

"Cardonne, I didn't know that you indulged in profanity," he said, his pipe once more in his mouth.

"Did I swear? You are to blame. You provoked me."

"Oh, I did, eh?" asked the doctor.

"Very innocently so, I assure you. Duetting is under ban in this Commonwealth and generation. Still, I would be excused for asking an explanation of such a sudden outburst."

"She jilted me," growled Cale Cardonne, his passion spent.

"Who jilted you?"

"Janet Thorne."

"No, she didn't," the doctor said, with emphasis.

"I tell you she did," declared the other, with equal emphasis. "Ought not I to know? I—I—understand it! That's just why I'm so sensitive."

"She did not jilt you," persisted the doctor.

Cale Cardonne was on his feet again.

"What do you mean?" he fiercely demanded. "Oh, you want me to be precise! Well, she rejected me."

"That's the better word," rejoined the doctor. "It isn't so derogatory. What possible reason could she have had?"

"You might ask her," growled the owner of Northbrook. "I didn't."

"Perhaps she doesn't love you?"

"That isn't complimentary to me, Weatherby. She confessed that she did love me."

"Oh!" ejaculated the doctor, lapsing into silence for a time.

"Cardonne, if she loves you she'll marry you," he slowly said. "There's some mystery about the matter. She is very frank, and abominates concealments. I have known her from babyhood, and her mother before her. Ha!"

The exclamation was sudden and explosive, and his face intensified.

"I think I know," he said, possibly not aware that he was rubbing his hands. "Cardonne, if you'll apologize to me for that shaking I'll find you a wife."

"Janet?" asked the "German Baron," with an illumined face. "Do it, and I'll get on my knees to you. I'll consider myself your debtor forever."

"Oh, don't be so profuse," interrupted the doctor, "but push the tobacco pouch over this way."

V.

"YOUR MOTHER ISN'T YOUR MOTHER."
"Janet," Doctor Weatherby said, "it was shabby in you to refuse Mr. Cardonne."

He had stopped in front of the cottage, and she was leaning over the wheel of his gig.

The blood filled her face, then left it marble white.

"Did he think so lightly of it as to mention it?" she asked, her eyes snapping.

"Lightly?" cried the Doctor, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I am glad we weren't on top of Notre Dame when he mentioned it! Janet, your mother isn't your mother!"

It was an astounding announcement, and made in the abrupt way usual with the Doctor. It was an inconsistent, improbable, impossible statement, and yet Janet understood him. For a moment she seemed bereft of speech and motion.

"Dr. Weatherby, is that true?" she gasped.

"Yes, Janet."

"And father kept it from me."

"There never was any need to tell you."

"Why is there need now?"

"Answer that yourself, Janet. That is why you rejected Cale Cardonne."

"Yes," gasped Janet. "It would not have been right. You have guessed the reason—as a physician solely, perhaps. And my mother—my real mother, my true mother—was she insane?"

"No, little one."

"Father in Heaven, I thank Thee."

Her hands were clasped, her eyes were reverently uplifted, her face shining like the face of a saint. At least the Doctor thought so.

"Janet, your happiness lies at your feet," he significantly said. "You will be sensible enough to take it up."

Janet stole off into the dim woods to be alone under the trees and the wonderful revelation. Her stepmother, whom she supposed was her real mother, had died in the insane asylum raving mad. Poor Janet believed that she had inherited the taint; the dreadful vision would come some time; she could not bring sorrow to the life of a husband, or shame and suffering to her offspring.

VI.

THE CHASM BRIDGED.
There was a great crowd at the church fair. Cale Cardonne, looking not unlike a German Baron, passed from table to table chatting with the ladies and buying their wares.

Once a pair of soft, sweet gray eyes met his from amid the festoons of ivy.

Ah, he knew to whom they belonged. His heart ached for a moment, and the light went out of his face.

"A letter for Mr. Cardonne!" cried the postmistress from the little window of the pretended post-office.

He walked thither, paid the postage and received his letter. It contained but one line:

"The chasm has been bridged!"

A tremulous hand and no name! What did it mean? It came to him so suddenly that he felt that he was trembling.

The evening wore away; the crowd dispersed; the ladies covered the tables for the morrow; the janitor began to put out the lights.

Cale Cardonne lingered. Janet came toward the door, drawing her shawl closely around her, her face unusually red, considering it was usually so white.

"Can I see you home, Janet?"

She answered him with a nod and a smile.

The path led from the church across the meadows odorous with clover and flaunting with dandelion blossoms; the sky an unbroken expanse of blue studded with softly-twinkling stars.

Janet was clinging to Cale Cardonne's arm.

"I received your letter," he said.

"Yes."

"It had but one meaning."

"There was but one intended."

"Oh, Janet! you have made me inexpressibly happy!"

"She did not answer him. There wasn't any need to. Perhaps she couldn't answer, he had clasped her so tightly."

"How was it bridged?" he inquired.

"You are never to ask," was her flurried answer. "Dr. Weatherby knows."

"Oh!" ejaculated Cale, "I recall a promise he made. It was merely a foolish fancy, wasn't it?"

"At the time it seemed horribly real," Janet replied with a shudder. "Thank God, it wasn't real!"—Evening Call.

Railway Construction in Russia.

For certain facilities of railway construction Russia holds a position much superior to that of her West European neighbors. And is cheap, and there is a practically unlimited supply of wood.

In a country flat as Russia is hardly any leveling is necessary—the needed engineering works consists almost solely of bridges. Taking every legitimate source of outlay into calculation, the average cost of constructing a railway in Russia ought not to exceed 30,000 rubles per mile. Yet owing to the extravagance and dishonesty of the whole system, the cost per mile often rises to 70,000 or 80,000 rubles. The rapid development of railways in this country—there are now over fifteen thousand miles of them in existence—is, of course, given it by the State. About half the capital invested really belongs to the Government. When a railway is completed and has commenced operations the company is in a position to issue bonds with a view to their being put into the foreign market and sold by foreign bankers. Before this is done, however, Government, save where the circumstances are very exceptional, formally guarantees the bonds, thus undertaking to make good the interest on them in case it can not be paid by the company.

To properly complete a line to the satisfaction of the authorities is sometime anything but an easy task, not so much because the authorities are exacting as because the formalities are many and the circumlocution great. The first step, after the granting of a concession, is the appointment of a Government Inspector. This official, by virtue of his position, is also a member of the Board of Railway Directors, and receives pay not only from the State but also from the country. How he contrives to represent the interests of both is a mystery, but that he accomplishes the feat to his own satisfaction is certain. Then comes the making of the line. A district "Land and Water Board" furnishes plans from which no deviation is permitted, for the making of engines, carriages, rails, etc. The construction of the line is usually let out to contractors in lengths of about ten versts each. The laborers, sometimes to the number of several thousands, are hired by agents of the contractor specially sent into the country for the purpose, the bargain as to wages being made with the heads of the articles—communes of workmen associated together for most every purpose save that of protecting the interests of labor. Railway "navies" in Russia are simply peasants who have learned the art of using the pick and the spade. In the summer months they can subsist almost upon watermelons eaten with black bread and salt—even a more generous diet, when the workers club together for the purchase of food, does not involve an expenditure greater than about six shillings per month, and for this the laborer can have nourishing soup two or three times a day. Pay under these circumstances is not high—from threepence to sixpence per day is received by the Russian line-maker with an equanimity which would surprise the socialist ouvrier of Berlin, Paris or London. On a far different scale is the remuneration of officials. The salaries of the President of the company and several of the directors range from 15,000 to 30,000 rubles. Secretaries receive from 1,500 to 1,600 rubles, bookkeepers from 300 to 1,000, superintendents from 6,000 to 10,000, inspectors from 600 to 1,000, and conductors from 300 to 1,000. When, however, these figures have been reduced somewhat by reckoning two shillings for every ruble, the room left for envy is not great, and there is nothing at all to make one wonder why the personnel of a Russian train should always display so conspicuous a lack of tidiness and respectability.—Glasgow Herald.

—This will supply a long-felt want. A New York man has imported a pair of Indian mongooses, the first that ever came to America. They are a little larger than a good-sized rat. Their bodies are covered with brown hair, variegated with white stripes. The importer will breed these animals and sell them as vermin exterminators. It is claimed that they have no equal in that business. One mongoose will rid the largest house of rats. They destroy snakes with wonderful rapidity, and are the inveterate enemy of every species of vermin. They are gentle and harmless to human beings.—Indianapolis Journal.

In Japanese Hotels.

The front of the house is entirely open to the street in the daytime. What serves for the office is in the front room. The kitchen is also in front. One will nearly always see a list of prices for lodging hung in the neighborhood of the kitchen.

As you ride by a hotel on a hot day it looks very inviting. If the house be a large one, you will see room after room stretching backward. In the center of the house is an open court, in which is a Japanese garden, such as no one else can make. Rockeries of old and curiously shaped rocks, plants and flowers artistically arranged, and sometimes a little pond with goldfish. The parlor is the back room of the house.

There is really very little difference in rooms, as none of them have one solitary piece of furniture. The wood-work of a parlor is sometimes very pretty, and there are pictures, with sometimes a poem written in large characters on silk, hanging on the walls. These rooms are generally scrupulously clean.

The floors of all Japanese houses are covered with thick straw mats. On entering a hotel (or any house), your shoes must come off. A Japanese never wears anything heavier than a stocking while in the house. Wherever there is any wood-work in the floor, it is kept highly polished, as are also the verandas, which are an indispensable accompaniment to a hotel, as it is by them that the various rooms are reached.

The wood is so smooth that it will show a scratch, or the mark made by a nail in a shoe, as easily as a polished table would do so.

On arriving at a hotel you are shown to a room, and a girl waiter immediately brings tea and cake. The Japanese custom is to give a little present of money at this time; a greater or less sum, according to the amount of attention you may demand.

The prices of lodging are generally fixed at stated sums for first, second and third class lodgers. This price includes supper, breakfast and lodging. Guests do not remain in a hotel during the day, excepting at the summer or health resorts. By eight o'clock in the morning the hotel is empty. Meals are invariably served in the different rooms. This requires a large number of waiting-girls.

Food is served on small low tables, just raised from the floor. The price of first-class lodging (with meals) is about thirty-five cents. That is to Japanese. Foreigners are charged for room rent and for all the food served. Last July I put up at a hotel over night. My Japanese teacher was with me. He had one parlor and I had another. Our food, rooms, bedding were precisely alike. He was charged forty-five sen for lodging and room; I was charged fifty sen for room only, and in addition for every separate item of food. I refused to pay my bill, but finally was obliged to pay it, or I should have made myself a great deal of trouble. Most hotels prefer not to take foreigners at any price. Of course, where we are served with chairs, table and a bed, we are willing to pay extra for them. But you seldom find these articles except on the main roads of travel. One must be tired in order to sleep on the floor, lying on one thick blanket, with another similar one for a cover.

There is no possible way to fasten the room at night. There are no doors like our doors. The division between rooms, as well as between the room and the outer veranda, is nothing but paper; paper-sliding doors, which can be lifted out of their grooves with the greatest ease, converting the house into one large room. I have slept (?) for a number of nights in a room, all four sides of which could be taken away in five minutes' time, and which, of course, could be opened by any one. Strange as it may seem, there is very seldom anything like robbery. Things must be left about the room, as one cannot put all his possessions under the pillow.—Boston Transcript.

The Man in the Bottle.

The gilded neck of a contrivance fashioned in the similitude of a champagne bottle towered above the heads of the throng in Sixth avenue. A pair of legs protruded from the bottom. Half way up, on the side which faced in the direction of its progress, was a small opening, with a grating across it. Stepping alongside, the reporter rapped near the grating.

"Who's there?" came a challenge in hollow tones from within.

The response, "A

THE CHANGE IN TIME.

The New Time Adopted by Most of the Railroads of the Country at Noon on November 18—Only Five Instead of (as Formerly) Fifty-three Kinds of Time—The Arrangement in Divisions—The Difference Calculated for Many Cities.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the Chicago Tribune for the map given above, explaining the standard time which has been adopted by the railroads of the North American Continent. In connection with the map the Tribune also published the table given below, showing the difference between the new time and the local or solar time of the leading cities of the country.

A change in time, says the Tribune, somewhat similar to that which is now effected in America, was brought about in England as long ago as January 13, 1848, and a reform could no longer be delayed in this country owing to the complications arising under the old dispensation. It may not be generally known that the railroads of this country have been conducted of late years under fifty-three different kinds of time, the difference between the times being very slight in some instances, but enough to make people miss trains

the 120th, eight hours—thus making five different standards between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. These five standards are shown on the map in the order just mentioned, viz.: Intercolonial, Eastern, Central, Mountain and Pacific time.

MERIDIANS.

The 90th meridian, on which Central time is based, is nine minutes slower than Chicago solar time. The 75th meridian, which gives Eastern time, is one hour faster than Central time, or four minutes slower than New York City solar time. Inter-colonial time, being based upon the 60th meridian is two hours faster than the Central time. Mountain time, which is based upon the 105th meridian, is one hour slower than Central time. Pacific time, based upon the 120th meridian, is two hours slower than Central time.

The several meridians are indicated upon the map, as well as the territory included in the different divisions. The irregularity in the boundaries is caused by the various roads wishing to adopt as their standard the time of the meridian nearest to which the greater number of their lines are situated.

VALUE OF THE TABLE.

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41 4	faster than Topeka, Kan.
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THE BOURBON NEWS.

PUBLISHED TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.
BRUCE CHAMP, EDITOR.
BOURBON NEWS PUBLISHING CO.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One year in advance, \$2.00
Six months in advance, 1.00
[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second class mail matter.]

FOR PRESIDENT;
That uncrowned King of every Democratic heart.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
Mr. Tilden's companion in Victory and in Humiliation.

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.
ANNOUNCEMENT.

Richard Field, of Mt. Sterling, is a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, to succeed Judge Hargis—subject to the action of the Democracy of the First Appellate District.

The Democratic caucus to-morrow will tell the tale of the Speakership.

The degree of D. C. F.—doctor of sock-fighting—should be established at Harvard.

The Supreme Court of Georgia has decided that cotton future notes are absolutely void.

The Republican party had but little to be thankful for this year, and will have less next.

ISAAC DAVIS killed his brother James near Youngstown, Ills., in a quarrel over the division of a corn crop.

THREE bets of \$1,000 each were made at Washington Wednesday that Carlisle would be the next Speaker.

If Randall is elected Speaker, which we think quite probable, we guess that the sun will rise as usual.

The chances of Sunset Cox in the Speakership contest are like the Pons comet—not visible to the naked eye.

The Indiana Territory authorities have ordered all the white people doing business at Vinton to leave the Territory.

JOHN BLAIR dried a keg of powder in front of a grate at Carbon, Ohio. The house was fired, John's best friend wouldn't know him.

Now that the elections in New York and Brooklyn are over, Mr. Beecher can afford to preach without seasoning his religion with politics.

Once there was a man named Vennor. But he is dead now, figuratively, and buried a thousand fathoms deep beneath the waves of oblivion.

It is not stated yet whether that Sergeant Mason will lecture, or dramatize his piece and go into the show business a la Charlie and Bob Ford.

COL. J. STODDARD JOHNSON, Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee of Kentucky, is at Washington, rendering Mr. Carlisle valued assistance.

The yarmuts and the corn shucks have all sworn that we are to have a mild winter, now let the goose bone take the witness stand, or forever hold its peace.

This is the Kansas City Star's ticket: President Chas. A. Dana, of New York; Vice President, John R. McLean, of Ohio; platform, raise h—l and sell newspapers.

If there is any virtue in lynching, now is the time to try it. Almost every day within the last two weeks the dispatches have borne the awful tidings of some bloody crime.

The Cincinnati Enquirer, which is doing all it can to nominate Randall for 99 certain votes and Carlisle 91 on Speaker, says that Randall has the fatal ballot.

VANDERBILT's income is said to be a \$1,000,000 a month. He can afford to run a country newspaper in Kentucky, the way the subscribers would like to have one run—free.

JUDGE GEORGE DENNY and J. H. Anderson had a big fight at Lancaster, Wednesday, and Denny shot Anderson three times, killing him almost instantly. Anderson was drunk and pushed the difficulty on Denny.

In the case of Charles Ford, charged with the Lexington stage robbery, the defendant has obtained a change of venue from Richmond, Mo. The case will be taken to Clinton county, to come up May next.

As a kind of forlorn hope, the Republicans will make the campaign of '84 on the bloody skirt issue—a thing which the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette buried with Garfield, but has recently dug up again. It won't win; it is too old and rotten.

The skeleton of a Confederate soldier has been found in an almost impenetrable thicket on the old Wilderness battle ground, near Cancellorsville, Va. An old knapsack containing a portion of a gray blanket, and a belt buckle with "C. S. A." were found with the bleached bones, the skull lying on the knapsack. A Catholic bible was also found, but the inscription on its fly leaf was illegible. The skeleton was buried near by the gloomy thicket where the soldier died.

This is the way that the Washington correspondent of the Commercial Gazette writes of Col. Frank Woolford. He is probably the roughest diamond that has received Congressional setting since the republic was established, and in his own way he is certain to make a mark. He arrived here Wednesday. The first thing he did when he entered the room assigned to him was to have it reduced in its furnishings to military simplicity. He had the 'carpet' first taken off the floor. The next thing to go was the hair mattress and wire springs. He wanted a straw bed on slats, and a straw pillow. The curtains were torn out of the windows. Then Gen. Frank Woolford moved in his baggage, and was ready to see his friend.

COL. SWOPE appears to regard it as quite a joke that he should be mentioned as a candidate for the second place on the National Republican ticket, and insists that Bob Lincoln is the proper person. We do not desire to unduly flatter Col. Swope, but we insist that he is a better man for the place, and is more of a National man. Had it not been for Lincoln being a son of his father, he never would have been heard of out of his precinct, whereas the Col. has rendered his party invaluable service not only in this State, but out of it. We insist that Lincoln will not accept the empty honors and the consequent disappointments, and that the Colonel will be tendered them.

The Louisville Post favors Randall for Speaker, and says that the election of Carlisle would have the effect of shaping the next campaign platform from the same standpoint on which it has been shaped and wrecked the party for twenty years. It says that Mr. Carlisle and his friends are assuming a serious responsibility in thus sacrificing the success of a great party to their own selfish ambition and greed for place. They are burning a house to roast an egg.

Gov. KNOTT has pardoned David Adkins, of Whitley county, a life prisoner in the penitentiary, and D. C. Green, of Bell county, under sentence of three years for bigamy. Both cases were deserving of clemency. The former is dying of consumption, and the other committed bigamy ignorantly, thinking that he was legally divorced, whereas he had been imposed on by a lawyer giving him fraudulent papers.

The proposition to quarter Texas and make four States of it will hardly be carried through, while half the members of the Texas Congressional delegation look upon the scheme with disfavor. Texas is a big State—six and one-half times as large as Kentucky—but it is now settled only in spots, and if divided, the four States would make a ridiculous showing in the census.

A LOVE-LORN dramatic in Brooklyn has so persistently persecuted a young lady with his attentions that she has been forced to apply to the courts for protection. This should have been her dernier resort. The best way to escape his devoted attentions would be to marry him. That would cure him in six months.

A picture in the Texas Sittings represents Mahone and Butler sitting down to a Thanksgiving dinner, and "Uncle Sam" handing them a dish, saying: "Gentlemen, here's your goose; I cooked it for you." The goose contains the head and feet intact.

MILLERSBURG.

Miss Nettie Orr arrived here Wednesday, to make a short stay.

W. C. Caldwell, of Moorefield, has moved to his new home—the T. C. Collier place, near Judy's Cross Roads.

A student of the male college named Newberry, went crazy a few days ago and jumped out a window. He has since been sent home.

Bryan's Hall has been rented to the colored folks the entire week of Christmas—therefore the young gentlemen will give a hop as was expected.

There will be a big time here during Christmas. Fire crackers have already come upon the market and the young men are wondering when's the best time to set them off.

L. C. Vimont is now chaperoning Mr. Dowling, a cassimere peddler through the country; and Tom Savage is working for Dowling's partner. They sell goods on the "lumping" plan.

There are now forty pupils in Prof. Brigston's string band, at the Female College. A portion of the band played at the Presbyterian Church yesterday at Thanksgiving services.

Arthur Long and wife have gone to Midway to make their future home. Mr. Long will canvass Woodford county in behalf of a patent gas. His younger brother is in charge of the grocery.

A drunken man was placed in the cage Friday night and kept every one awake with his vile oaths and boisterous indecent songs. When will that cage be removed to a place more suitable for it.

"Love," said he, "I wish to make a terrible confession." "Oh! dear; speak; tell me; what is it, do you not love me?" "That's not it. I am Br'er Bar." "Get out you tobacco eater. I detest you."

During the ensuing season, Billy Conway will lecture on "Missouri." L. C. Vimont, "California." Jack Hitt, "New Mexico." G. W. Bryan, "Ireland." H. H. Hunt, "What I have seen with my mind's eye."

The revival conducted at the Presbyterian church by the Rev. H. M. Scudder, closed Wednesday night, with the following additions to the church: Elijah Neal, Charlie Howard, Will Hayes, Nettie McIntyre, Jimmie McClintock, Horace Purdy, and Geo. Warwick.

Br'er Wolfe.

HENRY J. SCHWARTZ.

JOHN SCHWARTZ.

H. J. SCHWARTZ & BRO.

WILL MOVE SATURDAY, TO THEIR

ELEGANT NEW STAND,

formerly Hill's Marble Works, where they have fitted up the handsomest

SALOON AND BILLIARD ROOM

in the city. They will keep the finest liquors, cigars and tobaccos at retail, and from their large beer cellar will be ready to supply both city and country trade in the best beer at city prices.

ASSIGNEES SALE

— OF —

FANCY NOTIONS

The stock of handsome notions recently assigned to me by J. Friedman, for the benefit of his creditors, MUST AND SHALL BE SOLD immediately, at and BELOW COST, in order to wind up the business.

Everybody requested to call early and secure bargains. The stock is large, handsome and varied, and must be sold, even if at a great sacrifice. L. PRICE, Assignee.

Master Commissioner's Sale

— OF —

BOURBON CO. LAND

BY VIRTUE OF A JUDGEMENT OF THE Bourbon Circuit Court, rendered at the October Term, 1887, in an action therein pending of Louis Frank, plaintiff, against M. E. Green, &c., defendants, I will, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 3d, '83,

(County Court-day), sell at auction, at the Court House door in Paris, Ky., between the hours of 10 o'clock, a. m., and 2 o'clock, p. m., so much of the undivided interest of the defendant M. E. Green, as shall be necessary to satisfy the debts hereafter mentioned and costs of suit and expenses of sale in two tracts of land situated in Bourbon county, and described in the judgement of sale as follows:

1st.—On the waters of Coopers run, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a stone at the intersection of the Silas with the Lower Limestone Road; then south the Silas road, N. 43° W. 70 poles to a stone; then N. 62° W. 175 poles to a stone near a ranch stump in a field and corner to Tucker; then S. 45° W. 119 poles to a sugar tree corner to R. Hill and G. Moore; then with his line S. 27° E. 163 poles to a stone in middle of said Limestone road; then with middle of said road N. 35° E. 156 poles to a stone; then S. 37° E. 22 poles to a stone; then N. 124° E. 45 poles to a stone; then N. 102° E. 33 poles to a stone; then N. 204° E. 152 poles to a stone; then N. 404° E. 162 poles to the beginning, containing 335 acres and 33 1/2 poles.

2d.—Beginning at a stone in Jos. Morin's line corner to Jno. K. Spears; then with Morin's line S. 47° W. 53 poles to a stake at the middle of the Lower Limestone Road; 1 pole and 3 links N. 32° E. from a stone corner to Eli Current; then N. 32° E. 78 poles to a stake in the line of Tucker; then S. 40° E. 29 1/2 poles to a stone at 4, corner to Jos. Tucker; then with his line S. 62° E. 39 poles to a stake at 5; then S. 45° W. 80 poles to a stake at 6; then S. 45° W. 252 poles to the beginning, containing 55 acres, 3 rods and 9-10 poles.

Said sale will be made to satisfy the plaintiff Louis Frank's two debts in judgment set forth, one for \$355.23 with interest from November 1st, 1881, and the other \$101.83 with interest from April 12, 1882, and two debts principal and interest, amounting on day of sale to \$736.75, and also to satisfy the debt of Allen Bashford in said judgment and set forth in the same manner, interest from Nov. 15th, 1880, subject to a credit of \$210.00, paid March 7, 1882, which debt, principal and interest on the day of sale, amounts to \$234.68 and the further sum of about \$85.00, costs of suit and expenses of sale making the whole sum to be raised by the sale about \$2,967.

TERMS.—Said sale will be on three equal payments for the purchase money: falling due respectively in six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, and bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum from the day of sale, for which payments the purchaser will be required to execute his bonds with good and approved security to me, having the force of judgments.

R. H. HANSON, M. C.

FARM FOR RENT.

I WISH TO RENT PRIVATELY A FARM of about 40 acres, situated on the Paris & Clintonville turnpike, six miles from Paris. The farm is well watered, has a nice house and all necessary outbuildings. It is one of the nicest little farms in Bourbon county. For further particulars, terms, etc., apply to

L. B. DAWSON.

20ndv-3tu at Jones' Cross Roads.

FRESH OYSTERS!

I am receiving direct from Baltimore FRESH OYSTERS from the old reliable house of E. B. Mallory & Co. Housekeepers can depend upon getting the very best oysters and perfectly fresh.

W. W. GILL.

FOR SALE PRIVATELY.

DESIRING TO MOVE SOUTH FOR THE benefit of my health, I will offer at private sale, my

UNDERTAKING BUSINESS

in Millersburg, and a comfortable frame residence on Main street. The undertaking business consists of a good hearse and a well assorted stock of goods, and has a well-established trade. The residence is very pleasantly located in the center of the town, and is altogether a very desirable piece of property. Call on or address me at once.

JOHN MOCK,

Millersburg, Ky.

FOR SALE!

MY farm at Little Rock, containing about 180 acres, with a new house, New tobacco barn. All in grass for ten years, except 8 acres of good tobacco land. Price, \$12,000. [2ndv-2m] J. M. THOMAS.

NO TIME TO LOSE!

I HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE IN WAITING on my customers to write an advertisement for his sparkling little paper, but will hurriedly say that I have just returned from New York, and that

NEW GOODS

are tumbling in on me from EVERY TRAIN. All that I can say now, is to COME---yes, come NOW and lose no time yourself in securing pick and choice from my large and varied selection of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, &c., &c.

A. NEWHOFF,
PARIS, KY.

AT COST!

We intend to close out our entire stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

Within ninety days. If you desire the greatest bargain of your life, call and examine our goods and prices. WE MEAN BUSINESS. COME AND SEE US.

McCLURE & INGELS.

THIS WEEK

We desire to state to the public that we keep in stock a full supply of the celebrated "ALLIGATOR" coal and wood cook stoves. The Alligator has held a prominent place in this market for more than twenty years and can be found in use in every section of the county. We are ready to offer a premium for a single instance where it has not given the very best satisfaction. We are now receiving a complete stock of all kinds of heating stoves for parlors, stores and halls, including the best base burner for hard and soft coal made. We also keep in stock a good clean supply of all goods usually found in a first-class Stove and Tin Store, among which may be found the celebrated PURIFYING PUMP, and the equally celebrated MONITOR COAL OIL STOVES, &c., &c.

For executing first-class job work in Tin, Copper and Sheet iron, we flatter ourselves that we need no further mention.

Please call and examine our stock, and you will verify our statements.

MILLIGAN & PERRY.

"THE BOURBON NEWS" OFFICE

Is prepared to do all kinds of Job Printing, such as Bill-heads, Letter heads, Envelopes, Business Cards, Programmes, Circulars, Posters, and, in fact, everything in the printing line. Work done with neatness and dispatch.

JAMES K. DAVIS.

GARRETT DAVIS

DAVIS & DAVIS,

MERCHANT TAILORS.

(TWO DOORS ABOVE THE POST-OFFICE.)

Are now making the most stylish

SUITS AND OVERCOATS

ever made in this city, at the most REASONABLE RATES.

DON'T YOU FORGET IT

J. L. TAYLOR & CO.

KEEPS THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF

CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS and VALISES in Paris, and sell them for less money.